"MY ACTOR HUSBAND"

A SENSATIONAL HUMAN DOCUMENT OF THE STAGE IN WHICH SECRETS OF THEATRICAL LIFE ARE TOLD

REVIEWED BY JEANNETTE L. GILDER

A book that belongs to the human document class is "My Actor-Husband," published anonymously by the John Lane company. The first chapters of this story appeared in *Hampton's Magazine*, but it was not concluded, as the magazine ceased publication, for a time at least. When the new owners took it up they did not continue that story, nor Sir Gilbert Parker's novel that was to have illuminated its pages.

There was much guessing at the time these early chapters were printed who the writer of the experiences therein recorded could be. I should say after reading the book that it is not the autobiography of any one actor's wife, but a composite autobiography of many of them. If any woman on the stage or who has been on the stage in recent years was telling her own story without making any changes in it she could surely be traced. It is said that the identity of the author of the book is known to a few and that she has not only acted but has written plays that have been produced on Broadway. As there are few actresses with a record of this sort, it would not be hard to guess the identity of the writer of this confession.

Whoever she may be she knows the stage and its people, but I think she exaggerates, because she seems to include all actors and actresses in her condemnation. Stage life is terrible and no one knows it more than those who are in it, and it does not make for happy married lives, but then does society? I think that you will find that there are pretty nearly as many divorces in proportion among people in fashionable life as among people in stage life.

The book is cleverly written and it has every appearance of reality, and it will be read by people in the profession and people out of it. Those out of it will throw up their hands in horror and say, Can such things be? Those in it will deny the statements in general, though probably admitting that there is much truth in the story. That it is of absorbing interest neither the professional nor the lay reader will deny. If it is not a true story it is mighty well told fiction, and has all the earmarks of reality.

In a foreword the author says that in presenting this autobiography to the public she feels it incumbent upon herself to impress upon her readers the fidelity and strict adherence to the truth relative to the conditions which surround the player. She says:

"In no instance has there been either exaggeration or a resort to imaginative creation. It is a true story with all the ugliness of truth unsoftened and unembellished. Nor is the situation presented an exceptional one. One has but to follow the career of the average actor to be convinced that the dramatic profession is not only inconsistent with but wholly hostile to the institution of marriage. Managers and actors alike know and admit this to be the truth—among themselves. What they say in print is, of course, merely so much self-exploitation. The success of any branch of 'the show business' is dependent on the bureau of publicity."

The Stage Atmosphere.

This author is very sarcastic about the pleasant articles that appear in magazines supposed to be written by actresses or wives of actors. They are, she says, "to be put down as the babbling of the newly-weds or the hunger for seeing their names in print. To hear the wife of a star declare that she always goes to the theatre and sits in the wings to watch her husband act is to presage the glaring headlines of a divorce in the not far distant future. If it be not now, yet it will come, for those players who go through life with but one, even two marriages to their credit are the great exception to the rule. The actor's life precludes domesticity, and without domestic life there can be no successful marriages."

This writer agrees with what Clement Scott said about the stage some years ago, the saying of which was his undoing, the very exigencies of the player's life, says this writer, make for a laxity and freedom from restraint. "And in no other profession are the lives of the individual members so intimately concerned.

"The popular contention that a good woman can and will be good under any and all circumstances is a fallacy. The influence of environment is incomputable. I believe that my little friend Leila was fundamentally a good girl, in any other walk of life she would have remained a good girl. I believe that fundamentally my husband was a good man, in any other environment he would have been a good husband. The fantastic, unreal and overstimulated atmosphere which the player breathes is not conducive to a sane and well balanced life."

After this foreword she goes on with the story of her life. She was, according to her own confession, a beginner on the stage when she met Will Hartley, a young actor then also beginning his career, whom she married.

"Though I was not yet a "really truly actress, the fact that Will had met me 'in the profession' would have prejudiced them [his relatives] against me; added to this was the fact that Will, himself a tyro, taking a wife at the very threshold of his career, would not be looked at through our love colored glasses. The effect my marriage might have upon my own relatives never troubled me. When, at the restless age of 16, I announced my determination to become an actress, there was some surface opposition, but no effort was made to inquire into my fitness for the dramatic profession or the fitness of the dramatic profession as a career for any innocent and unprotected young girl."

Flat Life in New York.

When Will and his bride came to New York they first tried a theatrical boarding house—perhaps the Maison de Shine—one week of which they found all they could endure. Then they took a little furnished flat and set up in housekeeping. They went to market together and Will carried the market basket home on his arm. Will also made the coffee and boiled the eggs and together they washed the dishes, he with an apron tied high under his arm, declaiming Shakespeare as he worked gayly by her side.

There was no bathroom in this little apartment, so they took the bull by the horns and bathed in the kitchen wash tubs; "to be sure it was a bit hazardous standing on a sloping bottom, in danger of falling out of the kitchen window if one leaned too much to the right or of toppling over to the floor if veering a bit too much to the left. But it was a bath, and, as Will said, preferable to the communal affair in the boarding house."

"EVERY FUR TONGUED MAN ABOUT TOWN LOOKS UPON THE WOMEN OF THE STAGE AS HIS LEGITIMATE PREY."

It was impossible for the two to get an engagement in the same company, as managers would not have husbands and wives. This may be generally true, but I can name many instances here husbands and wives are in the same company. However, these two could not get an engagement together and Will was obliged to go on the road, leaving his wife in New York.

While going around among the agencies to look for a job Mrs. Hartley fell in with an actress whom she calls Miss Burton. Miss Burton invited her out for a cup of tea and they went to a nearby restaurant, and there the old hand unburdened herself to the beginner. She had, she confided to Mrs. Hartley, been with Charley Frohman off and on for years and expected to go back to him.

"I've been in his bad books," she went on. "I had a good thing and I didn't know it. When I think how I got in wrong all on account of those two big stiffs——"

Mrs. Hartley's inability to follow her was probably expressed in her face, for she immediately rattled on:

"You see, it was like this. When Jack and I were married we were in the same company. He was what they call the 'acting manager,' travelled on the road and represented the New York office—understand?

"Well, the next year we didn't get an engagement together; we went off on the road and I created a part in a New York production. It was simply—hell! We used to make the most godforsaken jumps just to be together over Sunday. Why, once I can remember I rode all night in the caboose of a freight train to some little dump of a town where Jack's company had played on Saturday night. Can you beat it? Oh, I tell you, I had it bad."

After two seasons of separation Jack's impatience to see his wife was not as keen as it had been and the upshot of it was that he "threw her down for a second rate soubrette."

A Manager Described.

At last Mrs. Hartley got an appointto meet a manager. As she entered the presence of this great man he was seated in a revolving chair, one foot resting on a small sliding shelf on his desk and a large black cigar in the corner of his mouth.

"He did not rise, but nodded to me and motioned me to the seat opposite. While he read the agent's letter he removed his leg from the table and crossed it over the other. He was a short, heavy man, with a preponderance of abdomen. He had thick, loose lips, and his head was as round and as smooth as a billiard ball; his eyes were black and snappy, and threw out as much fire as the huge diamond he wore on his little finger."

After some conversation he gave her a note to his stage manager and as she got up to go he accompanied her to the door.

"'You're a pretty little thing,' he said. 'Pretty little figure * * * what d'ye weigh?'

"'I don't know really how much, but I think about one hundred and ten pounds,' I answered with some confusion.

"'As much as that? Where do you carry it all?'

"He ran his fat stubby hands over my shoulders. His smile became a leer. Before I could realize what was happening he had taken me in his arms, and his heavy, wet lips were pressed against my mouth. Though I struggled to cry out and to release myself, I was unable to do either. It seemed as if my senses were deserting me; then, the muffled bell of the telephone sounded, and he released me.

"'Damn that bell,' he said.

"Nauseated with disgust and fright, I cowered in the corner; he tried to draw my hands from my face, laughing as he whispered: 'Like it, like it, do you?' Then with another oath at the continued call from the telephone, he crossed to his desk. 'Run along now,' he directed, without a look."

Frightened, she ran through the street not knowing where she was going and passed Miss Burton on the way. The latter saw that something was up and took her in a drug store and gave her a dose of sal volatile. Then she called a cab and took her to her home. There Mrs. Hartley told her what had happened. Miss Burton was sympathetic but philosophic and advised her not to tell her husband.

As to Stage Conditions.

"'Why not?' I demanded.

"'Well, if you tell your husband, and he's the man I think he is, he'll go straight up and knock the old beast down. That will get him in bad; this manager is a power and controls a dozen attractions, as well as theatres. Your young man may find it difficult to get an engagement in the future.'

"Miss Burton paused to allow the idea to percolate into my brain.

"'Then there's another side to it. If you tell your husband and he does not go up and knock the fresh gentleman down you'll despise him for it—oh, yes, you will! You would not acknowledge it even to yourself, but way down deep in the bottom of your heart you would never forgive your husband for not resenting the insult to you. * * * Better not tell him at all.'

"We both were silent for some time. I was struggling with a thousand conflicting emotions.

"'You see, girlie, you've got an awful lot to learn. You're new to the game. That's the reason these things go so hard with you.'

"'Do you mean that "these things" are a part—a regular part—of the business?' I began, with a burst of resentment. 'I don't believe it! I can't believe it! I'm sure my experience was exceptional. I know that girls that typewrite for a living, clerks and even housemaids have unpleasant experiences, for I have read about it in the papers. There are bad men in all walks of life. I travelled nearly a whole season before I was married, and——'"

Miss Burton was a woman of wide experience and something of a cynic.

"'Girls like you,' she said to me, 'are drawn to the stage by its illusion and romance. With others it's the looseness, the freedom from restraint, that appeals. There never was a woman with a screw loose in her moral machinery who didn't hanker for the stage.

"'Every millionaire, every fur tongued man about town looks upon the women of the stage as his legitimate prey. You've only got to mention the fact that you are, directly or indirectly, connected with the show business to lay yourself open to the advances of the male creature who thinks he is sporty.'

"'I felt choked with indignation. "I don't believe you, I don't believe it's true!" I stormed. "Look at such women as——" (I named a number of prominent women stars). "They are honored and respected——"

"YOU'RE A PRETTY LITTLE THING," HE SAID.

Actresses With a Past.

"'You mean their accomplishment, their art is honored. Each and every one of these women has been grist to the mill. Do you suppose that side of it ever reaches the public? No, and what's more, it's none of the public's business.

"'These women are successful. The price they have paid is their own secret. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not sitting in judgment on the women of the stage any more than I would sit in judgment on you if you went wrong. I'm telling you the conditions that exist, conditions which every woman who enters the theatrical profession has got to face sooner or later. You had your first experience to-day.'

"It had grown quite dark in the room. Miss Burton got up and moved about in the twilight. I almost hated her. I could not prevent myself from saying: 'Do you think it is nice to befoul your own nest?'

"She answered me gently: 'You don't understand my motive, girlie. I wouldn't say these things to an outsider for anything in the world. Why, if a thing like this were to be given to the public the whole theatrical profession would go into print to deny it. There would be an awful noise, but each and every one of them knows it's the truth, God's truth and nothing but the truth.'"

In the course of time the actor and his wife did get an engagement together in a road company, he was playing lead and she a small part. The leading lady at once began to make eyes at him and introduced new bits of stage business, including a run through his hair with her fingers and a prolonging of the kisses which the rôle demanded. One evening she went too far, and the wife, who was on with her, "dragged her to the wings and beat her with clenched fists." Of course the game was up then for the leading man and his wife and they left the company. It was just as well, for in a short time a son was born to the Hartleys. The husband was not with his wife at the time, as he had accepted a new engagement.

"The Foremost Producer."

Things went on comparatively happily and at last the actor was engaged by "America's foremost producer." A few pages on Mrs. Hartley gives a description of this "foremost American producer." I wonder if the reader will discover who she means.

"My own observation convinced me that the man's genius lay in his ability to select the right person for the right place. Having made the selection he played upon the amour propre of his puppets. He led them to believe he had supreme confidence in their ability. The ruse was successful. It is the better part of human nature to want to measure up to the good opinion of others.

"His methods of conducting a rehearsal were the simplest. He had infinite patience and perseverance. He left nothing to chance. A scene or an effect was repeated until the 'mechanics' became automatic. His voice never rose above a conversational tone. He knew that to command others he must first be in command of himself. He left the roaring to petty understrappers with inflated ideas of their own importance.

"Once in a blue moon he let go. The effect was electrifying. I strongly suspected, however, that there was more or less 'acting' in these outbursts. Just as his reluctant appearance before the curtain on first nights was a 'carefully prepared bit of impromptu acting.' The frightened expression of his face; the quick, nervous walk; the almost inaudible voice when he thanked his audience, 'on behalf of the star, the author (or co-author), the musicians, the costumers, the scenic artists' and so on down the line; this with his mannerism of tugging at a picturesque forelock, this alone was worth the price of admission. First and last he was a good show man.

"The star who was the stepping stone to his fame and fortune was a lady with a past. She had entered the stage door through the advertising medium of the divorce court. After several unsuccessful attemps at starring she placed herself under the tuition of the manager, then allied with a school of acting. Possessed of abundant animal vitality—'magnetism,' if you prefer—as well as 'temperament,' the ugly duckling developed into a star of first magnitude.

"When Will joined the company she was at the height of her success—a success which later dulled the finer artistic restraint and listed toward a fall. But act she could, playing upon each reed, each stop, of the emotional organ, with a conviction of which few actresses are capable. In the choice of plays the genius of the man again displayed itself; the right play for the right person. Doubtless he understood that temperament, after all, is but the flood tide of our natural predilections."

Mrs. Hartley travelled about for a while with her husband, to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburg. Each city, she discovered, had its distinguished characteristics, but certain types are to be found all over the country.

"There is always the 'fly' married woman hanging about hotel lobbies, lying in wait for the actor or any dapper visitor who, like herself, is seeking diversion. She drops in for a cocktail or a highball and looks things over. She has a sign manual of her own. The head waiters know her and wink significantly when she comes in with her friends. These women are products of our leisure class. Their husbands are business or professional men in good standing.

"With comfortable, even luxurious homes, or a stagnant life in a modern hotel, time hangs heavily upon their hands. They have no intellectual pursuits other than bridge and the 'best seller.' These are the stall feds, the drones, the wasters, the menace to the womanhood of America."

Chicago as She Saw It.

Chicago receives special attention in this book:

"There is only one Chicago. Other cities—Pittsburg and Cincinnati notably—may be commonplace or vulgar, but Chicago is the epitome of commonplace vulgarity. It struck me forcibly as I looked over the first night audience.

"The men are commonplace; the women vulgar. The women impress one as ex-waitresses from cheap eating houses or sales 'ladies' who have married well. Few of the male population appear to own a dress suit. The women wear ready made suits with picture hats and a plentiful sprinkling of gaudy jewelry. Some of them 'make up' atrociously. Their manners are as breezy as the wind from the lake and they 'make you one of them' the first time you meet.

"If there is a cultured set in Chicago the actor never meets them; it probably resides in Chicago through force of circumstances, not through choice. The middle class is super-commonplace. The smart set isn't smart; only fast and loose. Chicago is a good 'show town.' It might be better if managers kept their word to send on the original companies. The Western metropolis resents a slight to its dignity.

"Will's management, therefore, played a trump card when it sent the New York production and players. The house was sold out for weeks in advance It was evidenced on the opening night that Will had left a good impression in Chicago from former visits. He received a hand on his entrance. When a supporting actor is thus remembered it proves his popularity.

"After the performance we went to the college Inn with some friends of Will's. Everybody who is anybody goes to that ill ventilated hole below stairs: one gets a sort of revue of the town's follies. Chicago is hopelessly provincial. There is a profound intimacy with other people's affairs. Our host and hostess of the evening kept up a running fire of gossip concerning the people about us."

Some orgies that were held in Chicago during Will's engagement are described. The upshot of the whole thing was that Will became thoroughly demoralized, having became what is supposed to be the ambition of every actor, a matinée idol. He had affairs with women on and off the stage and trouble began. His wife was neglected and he turned her over for companionship to a high minded sculptor, who loved her, but never spoke his love, at least not until the time came. Of course Mrs. Hartley in the end divorced her actor husband at his request and it is to be hoped that she married the sculptor.

What with "To M. L. G." and "My Actor Husband" the stage has not a leg to stand on. Of course there is much truth in this book, much bitterness, but "If a ruthless rending aside of the tinselled illusions which enthrall the stagestruck girl" will accomplish its object it will not have been written in vain.

Clara Morris has written a good deal in this vein in her books of autobiography and Mary Anderson in her book has not pictured stage life in any rosy colors.

The present book, by the way, is dedicated to Prof. Charles T. Copeland of Harvard University. Perhaps Prof. Copeland can give us the name of the author.

DOG POINTED—THE MAN FOUND RAZORBACK

"My friend Poindexter had been boiling over so with praise of his blooded bird dog and boasting of its pedigree," said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman, "that I was all but tickled to pieces when he jumped at my suggestion that he take his dog and go along with me down to Capt. Joe Pettigrew's, in the North Carolina quail belt, Capt. Joe hving just written me if I cared for a bang-up time with the quail to come down, but to fetch a good blooded dog with me, as he hadn't any just then.

"'I'll show 'em a blooded dog,' said my friend Poindexter. 'There isn't a bloodeder dog on earth than that one of mine. Wait until he gets his nose onto a point down there. He'll show 'em quail!'

"So my friend Poindexter and I and the blooded dog went down to Capt. Joe's to have a time with quail. The canes and pea vines are thick on the quail covers thereabout, but my friend Poindexter's blooded dog went smartly to work among 'em. He certainly was a hard worker. I've seen men who were getting $2 a day who didn't work half as hard as that dog worked.

"'Just see him!' said Poindexter every now and then. 'Lord, but that dog has got blood! Just see him!'

"We saw him, all right, but somehow the dog couldn't seem to see any quail. But he kept on working, and he worked so hard that he made me tired to see him, and I laid down in the canes to rest. Capt. Joe, he kind o' wandered off, too, but after a while we heard Poindexter holler:

"'Hullo! He's on a point! Looks to me as if he was pointing a whole flock of quails!'

"'Good!' says Capt. Joe, hollering back to Poindexter. 'Hold him on the point and we'll come and get the flock.'

"We hurried to the spot. Sure enough, there was the dog, pointing like sixty.

"'Just see him!' says my friend Poindexter. 'Lord, but ain't he got blood!'

"The next second the dog let up on the point and made a break, with his tail between his legs, to get out of the canes. I wish you could have heard what followed. A noise came out of the canes enough to burst your ear drums. It wasn't a yell nor a shriek. It was a squeal and a yelp and a snort and a ki-yi all in one, and it would have sounded loud a quarter of a mile off.

"'Thunder!' said Capt. Joe. 'I never heard a quail sing like that before. Not even a whole flock of quails!'

"We pushed in through the canes. Poindexter's dog had him, and he had Poindexter's dog. He was a razorback hog, and a big one. Capt. Joe pitched in and grabbed the dog by the throat. I pitched in and grabbed the razorback by the heels. There was a big tug of war for a few minutes. Then we got the dog and the razorback apart. My friend Poindexter just jumped up and down and hollered:

"'Lord! Hain't he got the blood!'

"Capt. Joe allowed that he had. 'But he hain't got as much of it as he had. But if you bind him up well it won't all get away.'

"And I couldn't help but admit to myself that I guessed my friend Poindexter must be right about there not being a bloodeder dog than that one on earth. I never saw nicer looking dog blood in my life nor more of it. In the meantime the razorback hog had scooted away and disappeared in the canes. There wasn't much said for a spell, and then Capt. Joe, who had been pondering over the matter, kind o' sniffed and said:

"'Seems to me I never knew a blooded dog like that to point a razor back hog before!'

"That seemed to surprise my friend Poindexter.

"Didn't, eh?" said he. 'Why, he showed his blood and his breeding by doing it! If you fellows had only killed that razorback hog and opened him you'd seen why! What do you s'pose that razorback's been doing all day?'

"Capt. Joe didn't say, and of course I didn't know.

"'That razorback,' said my friend Poindexter, 'has been killing quail all day and eating 'em! He is chuck full of quail, and that's what that dog was pointing!'

"And do you know, sir, that the dog seemed to share the indignation of my friend Poindexter over Capt. Joe's reflection on his blood and breeding to such a degree that he couldn't be induced to go anywhere near the quail covers after that? And we had to borrow a dog from one of Capt. Joe's neighbors to finish out our time with the quail."

New York Greatest Market for Farm Hands.

Looking along Broadway one would scarcely regard New York as a farming community and yet it is probable that more farm hands are hired here annually than in any other town of the United States. Just now is about the middle of the great spring hiring season.

The simple facts are that while there are no farms along Broadway, New York is a great clearing house for farm labor, as it is for every other sort of labor, skilled and unskilled, as well as for everything in the arts and in commerce. Here workers of all sorts assemble, and just as in New York one can find anything on earth he wants to buy, so here can be found help of any sort. So to New York in the spring many farmers send or come in person for farm hands, whom they take back with them to their respective farms.

The Department of Agriculture of the State of New York maintains in this city an office from which there are sent out annually between 2,500 and 3,500 farm hands, and the private employment agencies in the city that specialize in farm help send out probably as many more. The State agency supplies help for farms in this State only; the private agencies send help to points anywhere within a radius of 150 miles from this city.

At the State agency for farm help in this city about 40 per cent. of the applicants for work are Americans, the rest being men of many foreign nationalities. The men who hire out to work on farms are mainly between 21 and 40, and mostly single. By far the greatest demand is for single men, though farm hands who are married find employment for themselves and wife on many farms and country places, where a cottage may be provided for them, with advantages in the way of vegetables and milk, and with work found for both.

The demand for farm help is almost exclusively for experienced men. At the State farm help agency in this city they have applications for work from men not acquainted with farm work. Such men when seen likely to prove suitable for the work are when possible placed with farmers. They get $8 to $10 a month with their board, and if they are really inclined to the work and take kindly to it they come in time to get full farmer's pay. Experienced farm hands get commonly from $20 to $25 a month with board. Good milkers on dairy farms may get $35, gardeners perhaps $40, and superintendents may get still more.

When the farm work is over many of the men come back to town. Here they find all sorts of jobs for the winter, perhaps as dishwashers or as porters or as drivers or at various things.

"BOOK OF SNOBS" MADE UP TO DATE

Continued from Fourth Page.

Then he sits there hoping you'll pick it up as if you didn't want hid measly little tip. And even if you fall all over him thanking him he'll make believe you showed you were sore at the tip so that he can ball out so's he can be heard six tables away: 'That's all I pay in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna and it's enough here too.' That gives him a chance then to chin on for half an hour with the girl, reeling off the names of all the European restaurants which he says he's et in.

"He's a snob. And so's the fellow who always comes in here late at night and tries to get the crowd eyeing him on account of the food he buys. This second snob always takes a table right in the centre of the room and orders things like rum omelettes so that the blue flames will attract attention. Next to that he likes to order a ruddy duck so's we'll have to roll out the big silver press to squeeze the blood out of another duck for the gravy and again get the crowd all wrapped up in the commotion. This second fellow's a good spender, but he's a snob all right."

One man in town, a visitor to Manhattan for a few days from Pennsylvania, said that all Manhattanites, no matter whether they are snobs or not while at home, are snobs the minute they land in some other town and begin to talk about New York and to compare conditions, any sort of conditions, in New York with those of the town they're visiting. The New Yorker, continued the transient visitor, not only is boastful—believing with George Ade's New Yorker that "west of Jersey City you're capinmg out"—but snobbishly boastful.

The proprietress of an uptown establishment who lets rooms to "the better class of people" was quite ready to talk about snobs.

"I've seen more downright snobbery since I began to take roomers into the house than I ever saw before," she declared. "The people who have front rooms on the first and second floors or back rooms with baths won't notice the $4 a week hall bedroom people when they meet them in the hall, though I take special pains to introduce everybody and never let rooms to anybody unless I know they're all right.

Fail to Recognize.

"It's nearly always the ones who have the higher priced rooms who fail to see me on the street, and you'd think they'd bow at least when they've been owing me rent for a month or two."

"Snobs? My Gawd, yes, we have 'em around here," admitted one of the Maggie Peppers, who sells stockings over a counter in one of the big department stores. "Why only the other day Annie—well, I could tell her name, but I won't—wouldn't go out to lunch at Childs' with the rest of the girls just because she had received attentions from the boss the day before. Can you beat that?"

"Snobs? Oh yes, we know all about them," chimed the chorus girls in unison. "Now take the girl that gets a speaking part some day—she soon gets so offish you don't dare ask her to let you chew her gum, and as for ever telling you anything any more she is as tight as a clam.

"And will you ever forget, girls—my Gord, it nauseates me to think of it—how we used to get the icy lamp from Mayme after some wall eyed John took to paying her bills? She had the nerve to tell us one day that marriage was the only proper thing and it wasn't nice for girls to drink together."

An undergraduate of one of our old conservative Eastern colleges declared the other day that a snob is the fellow who waits on table in the college boarding house and yet refuses to raise his hat to the kitchen girl when he meets her on the street.

"My idea of a snob?" queried the butler in one of the imitation hotels on Fifth avenue. "My idea of a snob, sir, is the guest in the house who comes back drunk early in the morning and you have to put him to bed and then he forgets to say, 'Good morning' to you when he comes down to breakfast."

"Look for real snobbishness in a boys' boarding school," suggested a young man who once found himself obliged to teach in one for a year. "The first night I arrived I came down to dinner in a sack suit and found that everybody else, boys and master, were wearing dinner coats. I got the glacial glance from all quarters of the horizon and was given to understand later by the headmaster that his was a 'gentlemen's school."

Mexico's Famous Shrine at Guadalupe.

The vilage Gaudalupe, Mexico, contains the most famous shrine on this continent. It is dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Over the altar in the cathedral is a painting held to be of miraculous origin. This is the sacred tilma or apron of the peasant and on this tradition says appeared over three hundred years ago an image of the Virgin.

The Indians to-day come from the remote quarters of Mexico to worship at this shrine and to carry home bottles of water from a nearby well which is said to possess healing qualities. The walls of the church are covered with votive offerings, pictures, &c., given by those who have been cured or benefited

In the picture the Virgin is shown dressed in a bluish pink gown, and not long ago the women of Mexico gave a jewelled crown to hang over this picture. When Hidalgo struck the first note for Mexico's independence he carried a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe on his banner and the first engine that entered Mexico had a picture of this patron saint painted on the cab.